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Title: JOURNAL OF VERAS

Author:  
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JOURNAL OF VERAS THE  
HEALER

My dearest Prevan, I  
regret to tell you that I  
will not be home from  
this visit as soon as I  
had thought. My healing  
services will be needed  
here for some time as a  
terrible thing has  
happened to this small  
village. Two nights ago, as  
I had just finished my  
evening rituals, I heard a  
horrible commotion from  
the town square. I ran  
out to see what the  
trouble was, only to find  
the town overrun by  
trolls. The trolls had  
come in search of their  
favorite meal, human  
children.

From house to house they  
went, ripping doors off  
and brushing aside the  
men as if they were no  
more than flies. Mothers  
wailed as babes were torn  
from their breasts and  
fathers cried in anguish  
as one by one their  
children were eaten alive.  
The bloody procession  
went on and on, and I  
fear the screams and  
sobs will ring in my  
darkest dreams  
forever. And then, a  
miracle occurred. From the  
final house, came not a  
cry of torment, but one  
of victory. We raced  
down the street to the  
house. We found the

inside strewn with the  
bodies of the trolls and  
there in the middle stood  
Nehdra, a young woman  
who had just given birth  
a few days before. She  
had her newborn clutched  
in one arm, in the other  
was a magnificent golden  
sword.

She told us that as the  
trolls burst in, she had  
grabbed the only weapon  
she had, a knitting needle,  
and had cried out to  
Stratos to protect her  
child. Instantly, in answer  
to her plea, the great  
Stratos turned the needle  
into a magnificent sword.  
She said the sword fairly  
danced in her hand,  
slaying the trolls left and  
right until none were left  
alive. While I can find  
some solace in the  
miracle Stratos  
performed, I am afraid  
the task ahead of me is  
almost overwhelming. I do  
what I can to ease the  
hurts, but wounds of the  
mind Stratos gives no  
power to heal.

I will stay until I have  
done all I can, then I will  
carry the sword, now  
called 'Nehdra's Needle' to  
Argentrock Isle. There I  
will prepare a small  
shrine for it in the  
catacombs beneath the  
monastery. I do miss you,  
my love, and ask that  
you watch over our dear  
little Stellos until I can  
return. It is sad his  
mother must be away  
from him so soon after  
his birth, but I must  
serve where I am needed.  
I am sure you understand.  
All my love, Veras